

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



FOOTBALL NUMBER

Vol. LIX

OCTOBER, 1939

No. I

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The Register

VOL. LIX

OCTOBER, 1939

No. 1



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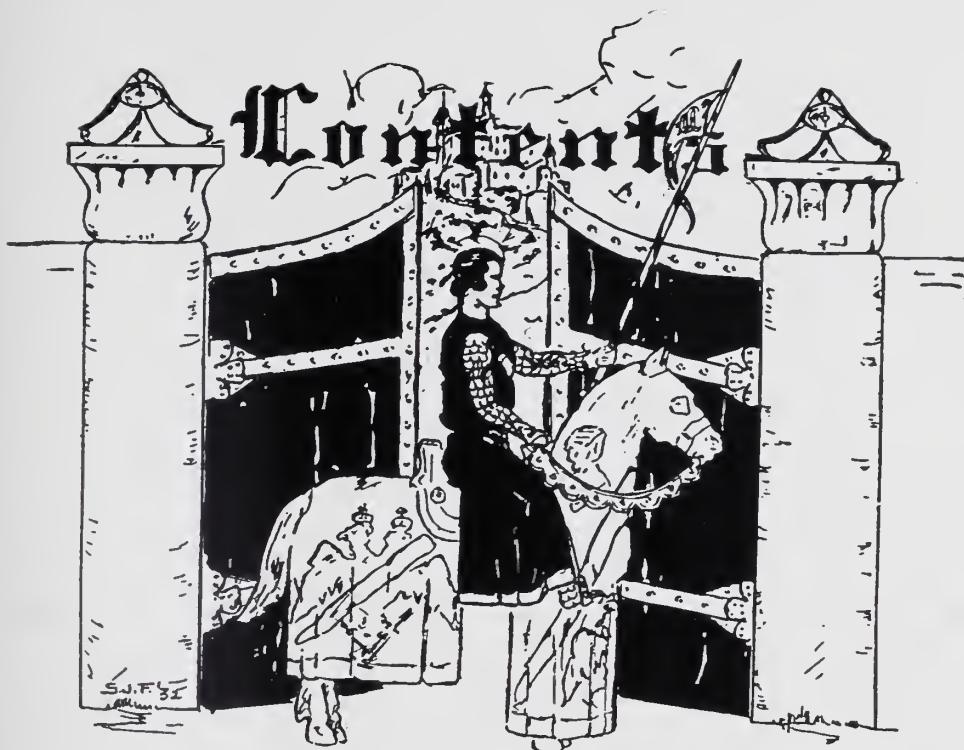
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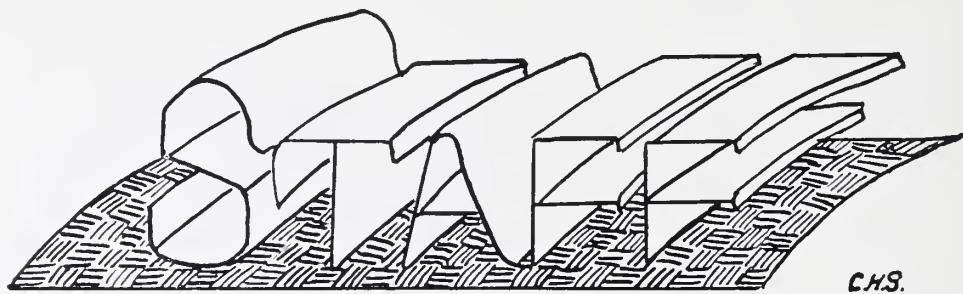
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Please mention THE REGISTER



	PAGE
EDITORIAL	
A Message from Mr. Powers	6
So This Is Latin School	7
Heus Iuvenes	8
Why Don't You?	10
"Spunky" Contest Announcement	M. Touloumtzis 20
Spunky's Surprise Party	20
Poem: <i>Metamorphosis</i>	S. Miller 27
ORGANIZATIONS	11
ALUMNI NOTES	12
MANUS SOCIORUM	13
SPORTS	14
FROM HERE AND THERE	23
OUR LORDS AND MASTERS	24
R. R. R.	26
LET'S CALL IT QUIPS	28
THE CABOOSE	29



Literary Board

Editorial . . .
 Edward Adelson
 Leon N. Hurvitz
 Harold Pilvin
 Charles Regan
 Sumner M. Rothstein
 Michael G. Toulounitzis
 Paul Mandelstam
 Charles W. Tait
 Harold T. Coffin

Alumni . . .
 Charles Ginsberg
 Arthur J. Muriph
 Henry V. Strout
 Earl M. Wedrow

Photography . . .
 Stephen H. Stavro

Sports . . .
 Bruce C. Ferguson
 Daniel Gorenstein

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Discedit

In the death of Mrs. Ella D. Baker the School lost one of its most invaluable friends, who, in her position as Secretary, has been respected by all for her understanding and tolerance.

Latin School will long cherish the memory of Mrs. Baker. Those who knew her will remember her as a tactful, sympathetic listener and wise counselor. To the younger boys she was like a mother; to the older boys she was a confidant and adviser.

We mourn the loss of a friend — just, unfailing, and generous.

. . . . Requiescat in Pace

A Message from Mr. Powers . . .

When a boy enters Latin School, his parents state that it is their present intention to send him to college, and we assume that the boy agrees with his parents in this intention. That is the reason why each of you has chosen this school rather than one of the many high schools to which you might have gone. You feel that Latin School offers you something that other schools do not. And that is true. You have here, for the taking, a preparation for college which is at least as thorough as you could get in the best private preparatory schools in the country. Incidentally, you get it free; but you must be able—and willing—to take it.

To master the fundamentals of your various studies calls for a certain amount of drudgery; and this is true, no matter how attractive the subject-matter may be. Even musicians have to spend hours of dull practice upon scales and fingering; without such drill they can never hope to become artists. So a Latin School boy must be philosopher enough to deny himself some of the pleasures of the moment which he sees his friends enjoying, such as movies and social parties during the school week; knowing that this kind of self-denial is an investment which will pay big dividends later on.

I do not mean that your studies here are dull and uninteresting; far from it. I mean that there are two ways of dealing with any school subject. One way is to skim lightly and pleasantly over the surface of it, getting thereby a mere nodding acquaintance with it. The other way is to work at it so earnestly that you get a thorough understanding of it and can use it intelligently. The latter is the Latin School way.

No boy can succeed in Latin School unless he has the will to work hard and constantly, spending the full time on his home assignments, day after day, throughout the school year. The bright boy cannot depend merely on his brightness to pull him through; many such a boy has made that mistake and come to grief by it. The first task of each boy is to develop right habits of study, and to budget his time so that each task shall have its definite time allotment and the mechanical side of his work shall become a matter of routine. Such habits are absolutely necessary in college, and the first year in Latin School is none too early to form them.

Going to college means preparation to fill some position of responsibility, to render some special service, in the community afterwards. That implies something besides scholarship, if the training is to be worth what it cost. The most important job that the Latin School, or any other school, has to do is to turn out boys of good character, the makings of honest, loyal, useful citizens; the kind of boy who will be capable of taking his part earnestly and intelligently in the task of steering our city and our nation through the troubled seas that certainly lie ahead of them. In a democracy such as ours, we cannot place our responsibilities on the shoulders of some one else. Each one of us must pull his own weight in the boat. Each must be willing to place the public good above his own private interests; not because some one else tells him he must do so, but because he knows that the citizens must all coöperate if our kind of government is to last.

The Head Master urges each Latin School boy to keep this idea of responsibility always before his mind. The State has given you free education, not for your own personal advantage, but for her own safety. You must do your daily tasks to the best of your ability, knowing that nothing worthwhile can ever be accomplished except by honest, hard work. You will be honest with yourself, honest with your teachers, honest with your parents. You will cherish your loyalty to God and to your Country. Only in this way will you make a full return to the State for her investment in you. Only in this way will you show yourself worthy of the traditions of your ancient and honorable School.

JOSEPH L. POWERS, *Headmaster.*

SO THIS IS LATIN SCHOOL

(An Open Letter to New Boys)

Among many well-known Latin School "witticisms", the caption above is one of the more popular. With how many different tone modifications is the second word uttered? How did *you* utter it? Hesitantly? Fearfully? Whimsically? or . . . Despondently? Well, don't give up hope; it's only the beginning.

First impressions should not count too much at Latin School. After all, you have *at least* six years in which to form an opinion. Probably the hardest days to bear at Latin School—and those which later offer the most poignant memories—are the first. It's really a big step from grammar school to Latin School. Grammar school offers the rudiments of "The three R's"; Latin School is the stepping-stone to college and beyond. At Latin School, you will get your first taste of scholastic and other competition that is as keen as you are likely to find anywhere. As you advance from year to year, this aspect will become increasingly clear. Along with you, approximately 700 boys are entered, aspiring to graduate as charter members of the Class of 1946. Yet, strangely enough, your graduating class, unless it be quite extraordinary, probably will not have more than 250 boys at best.

The cold, merciless figures are, of course, not intended to strike fear in your heart. I mention them simply to bring home these two points: Latin School is serious business. *You* must be one of those ten score and fifty boys. Now that *that's* settled, I'll ease up a bit. Latin School is *fun!* . . . Say, I could hear that laugh way up here in the Sanctum. . . . But again I say: Latin School is *fun!* Not rollicking, boisterous, bottle-throwing, window-smashing, head-cracking fun, but clean, enjoyable fun. You are going to have just as much, and probably more, fun than your pal in another school, who is forever relating some weird, probably fictitious escapade. You are expected to enjoy yourself here, but within the bounds of social necessity.

Somewhere, sometime, by some one, something like this was once proclaimed: "You get out of school only what you put into it." Nowhere is this better exemplified than at B.L.S. The theory works everywhere. Hard work now will pay you big dividends later. Ask any upper classman to confirm this truism. In your studies you will find this especially true. The most essential

factor in the study of a language, any language, is a *foundation*. Almost every Latin word you'll ever meet is subject to philological rules which can be learned. Quite likely all these strange new terms and experiences add to your general befuddlement. Don't let it "get you down" for a moment.

In very little time the fog will resolve itself into some semblance of clarity, and soon you'll be laughing when you recall those first few recitations, which seemed so discouraging. Allowance is made by the masters for the first few weeks, and you will be surprised at their leniency. But start action from the beginning! Buckle down to work and get each lesson done. The important thing is not merely to the lesson, but to *understand it!* What isn't clear in the text, note down and find out the answer the next day! Your intellectual classmates or your teacher will be glad to answer your questions. Try it! The results will come later on when they count.

However, don't be a *grind*! By this admonition, I am not contradicting myself, or advising you not to try for scholastic awards. If you deliberately give yourself up to study from the start, and disregard all else, you will probably leave the school with regrets, self-pity, and little else. Unfortunately you will be branded as "a *grind*." There are Latin School clubs; join them. There are Latin School athletic events. Attend them, support your team, and finally try for it. There are a few obligations which you are asked to meet. Meet them. There is the distinctive B.L.S. institution known as declamation. If you are at all capable, try for a place on the program. It's worth your while. If you don't declaim yourself, don't laugh at the fellow who does. He has more nerve than you, and he's gaining beneficial experience.

The school is *yours!* For your own sake, make the most of it!

HEUS IUVENES

All good things, they say, must come to an end; and unfortunately, summer is no exception. With the end of summer, as you know by this time, comes the inevitable opening of school. The first Thursday after Labor Day, 1939, found "the whining schoolboy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." Some of these boys were on their way to Latin School, to enter for the first time the hallowed portals of this ancient institution of learning. To these boys we extend a hearty welcome and offer a few words of advice and comfort gathered through years and years of toil and experience.

First of all, Latin School is a school steeped in tradition. Founded in 1635, it has maintained a continuous high standard of scholarship which few public—or private—schools can boast. By accepting *you* into either Class VI or IVB, the School has deemed you worthy of carrying on that high standard of scholarship and of representing it creditably.

Some of you, no doubt, have already been perplexed by the novelty of the Latin School system as opposed to that of the school from which you came. You are now at Latin School, and here you should endeavor to stay until you realize your present ambition—graduation. Even though you have received

excellent marks in your previous school work, you must not rest on your laurels now—for you may find a thorn among them.

Perhaps you have heard weird tales about Latin School as something akin to the Black Hole of Calcutta, with teachers like monsters, who keep you up till the wee hours of the morning doing homework and then do their best to "flunk" you. This picture is false! It is the product of fantastic imaginations on the part of people who do not know Latin School as we do. Your masters are as fine a group of teachers as can be found in any secondary school, and are *all* interested in your welfare. If you will meet them halfway by doing your job, you will soon find how pleasant they can be.

As you have been told by Mr. Powers, you must budget your studying time at home. Be sure you do your work, *all* your work, thoroughly. You will find that it will take you from one hour and a half to three hours to prepare your work, depending on the class you are in and your own ability. Also there are some fellows about the premises who take it upon themselves to console you by saying you are doing "swell" if you get a mark of "50". "*Don't you believe it?*" You should aim for the top. There are, contrary to popular belief, boys in the school who get no grade below "80". As those boys who have Mr. Sands will learn, "Aim for something higher than you are capable of attaining, and you will always have the incentive to work."

In conclusion, let us simply say, "Be gentlemen at all times and study with the assumption that you are laying foundations for your education." You will soon find Latin School a genuine pleasure.

In Memoriam

THOMAS REGINALD LAWLOR

Born MAY 27, 1925

Died JUNE 23, 1939

The Faculty and
Student Body Extend to His Family
Their Sincere Sympathy

Why Don't You?

One of the most gratifying moments of my young life was the first time I ever saw writing of mine in print. It has taught me so much that I must tell you about it. . . .

It was an ordinary school day, just like the thousand and one others; and I had just finished gulping down my lunch. The first four periods had been rather . . . eh . . . discouraging, and I was imagining what my report card would be, when that startling announcement, that joy-bringing call, that producer of all happy feelings came ringing: THE REGISTER!

When I received my copy, I picked it up and admired the cover; and after the first few pages came to the "Contents" and idly glanced at the names. I wasn't surprised to see that first name there, because I had seen it there many times. It's strange that one does not feel surprised at seeing someone else's name; I suppose it's because we take it for granted that the next fellow has the luck or ability to get his name in there. The next name, however, affected me strangely. This name resembled mine very closely, very closely. Then, vain thing that I am, a delightful suspicion came into my mind; yes, perhaps it *was* mine!

It *was* mine! With trembling fingers, whole mind and body tensely awaiting, I turned to the page—*the page*. I saw the article; I couldn't persuade myself that I had written that title, that beautiful, glossy, well-printed page. Strange to say, I read that as if it were new to me—my heart, meanwhile, working for all it was worth. . . .

I don't remember what marks I got the last two periods, but I assure you I wasn't sad. The moral of this personal confession is "The harder the labor, the sweeter the reward."

Why don't *you* go after the sweeter reward?

Colonel Penney's Absence

It is with genuine regret that we announce the illness of our military instructor, Colonel George Penney. In the middle of August the Colonel became seriously ill and was removed to the Phillips House of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He remained there six weeks, the first three of which his name was on the Danger List. He has since returned home and is recovering rapidly and steadily.

His absence from the school, however, is only physical; for he is constantly inquiring of Mr. Patten as to the welfare and programs of his many pupils. He has been advising and directing his temporary but capable successor, Captain John Gibbons, who, incidentally, is a Latin School graduate.

Colonel Penney is expected to return in November. We are sure that we speak for all masters and students alike when we wish the Colonel a speedy recovery and return.

Organizations

Every year hundreds of boys at Latin School take part in extra-curricular activities. Besides being helpful to the school, they help themselves. To inform those who have not engaged in any of these activities, the *Register* is publishing these brief summaries of our many organizations.

ART CLUB

Offers instruction in many kinds of drawing, painting, and designs. Makes most of the posters for the Latin School productions. Mr. Brickley is the director.

AVIATION CLUB

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday under the direction of Mr. Murphy. The club studies and discusses different phases of aviation, builds model airplanes, and has an annual model-flying contest.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets every Thursday under the direction of Mr. Carroll. Is one of the largest clubs in the school. Takes in all phases of photography and sponsors the annual B.L.S. Photography Contest.

CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB

Offers instruction and equipment for chess and checker games. Teams composed of the best players have matches with the other schools. Mr. McGuffin is the director.

CLASSICAL CLUB

The sessions are given over to interesting discussions concerning Greek and Roman life, customs, literature, and other subjects of background. The director is Mr. G. B. Cleary.

DEBATING CLUB

Meets every first and third Monday under the direction of Dr. Collins and Mr. O'Leary. The meetings are given over to debates and open forums. There are several inter-scholastic debates in which the better speakers take part.

DRAMATICS CLUB

Plans two productions annually, one short play at Christmas and one major performance later. Last year's successful play was "Taming of the Shrew", conducted by Mr. Russo and Mr. Marnell.

FIRST AID CLUB

Purpose: to acquaint its members with the fundamentals of first aid. Faculty adviser: Mr. Patten.

FRENCH CLUB

Meets every other Wednesday under the supervision of Mr. Levine. The meetings consist of talks and discussions concerning French life, customs, history, and other matters of background.

GLEE CLUB

Holds its meetings every Monday. Puts on a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta each year in the hall. With excellent instruction by Mr. Burke of the Boston Music Department, it offers a great opportunity for boys with good voices. The faculty advisers are Mr. Klein and Mr. Rosenthal.

HIGHWAY SAFETY CLUB

A club for boys who drive or who hope to get their driving license. Many authorities come to speak on the finer points of driving. The director is Mr. Kozodoy.

HISTORY CLUB (Senior)

Meets every other Tuesday under the direction of Mr. Nemzoff. The sessions are devoted to interesting historical talks, discussions, and sometimes motion pictures. Membership is limited to Classes I, II, and III.

HISTORY CLUB (Junior)

Meets every second and fourth Thursday under Mr. Pierce. Its activities are much the same as those of the Senior History Club. The membership is limited to Classes IV, V, and VI.

LITERARY CLUB

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday. The sessions are given over to talks and discussions on the great authors and their works and to English literature in general. The faculty adviser is Mr. Callanan.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday. The sessions are given over to talks and discussions on great authors and their works and to English literature in general. The faculty adviser is Mr. Callanan.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

Meets under the direction of Mr. Lucey. The sessions are given over to talks, lectures, and discussions on mathematics beyond the scope of regular classes. Membership is limited to upper classmen.

MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

Provides Victrola concerts of good music at the sessions as well as talks and

discussions on music, musical history, and other matters of background for proper appreciation of a great art. The director is Mr. Finn.

ORCHESTRA

Meets every Tuesday under the excellent supervision of Mr. Wagner. Plays at Class Day, Graduation, and many other school events. A rare opportunity for boys who play musical instruments to become part of a good orchestra. Faculty adviser: Mr. Russo.

PHYSICS CLUB

Meets under the direction of Mr. Wales. Meetings are given over to scientific discussions and demonstrations. Membership limited to Class I.

STAMP CLUB

Meetings are taken up with discussions and talks on stamps and stamp-trading. For those interested, it is a great chance to acquire a good collection.

PAUL MANDELSTAM, 219.

ALUMNI*Did You Know That . . .*

On varsity elevens this year you may find the following well-known recent Latinites: "Bill" Histen, playing a stellar game at end for Holy Cross; "Dan" Dacey, a stand-out at guard for Dartmouth; "Joe" Koufman, regular end at Harvard, at present on the injured list; and Harry Gorman, regular halfback at Bates. . . . Famous living men, long ago graduated from our school, include the following: Joseph P. Kennedy, now Ambassador to England; David S. Muzzey, author of the textbook we use in our Class I American history classes; George Santayana, one of the world's greatest philosophers and author of "The Last Puritan"; Harry Shapiro,

explorer and scientist for the Society of Natural History, New York; Roy Larsen, publisher of *Life* and vice-president of the firm publishing *Life*, *Time*, and *Fortune*; William O. Langer, Coolidge Professor of History at Harvard; Paul A. Dever, Attorney-General of Massachusetts; Monsignor Edward G. Murray, President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton; Father James M. Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of the *Catholic World* and well-known radio orator. . . . More recent B.L.S. graduates who are doing well for themselves include three former members of the *Register* staff who are now on the Harvard faculty—Arnold Isenberg, philosophy; Carroll Quigley, history; and Stanley Freedberg, fine arts. . .

"Dave" Kopans, president of his class and captain of his football team while here, is now a full-fledged M.D. and interning at nearby Beth Israel Hospital. . . . David Maurice, George Risman, and Bernard Rome are on the Dean's List at University of Maine. . . .

Albert Damon, a *Register* editor of 1934, recently returned from Europe after a hectic crossing, spent the last year at Oxford University, where he studied anthropology as holder of a Harvard fellowship. . . .

MANUS SOCIORUM

There's a tang in the air of Hallowe'en weather and the fellowship of youthful crowds. There's the gathering of boys indoors as the weather grows more brisk. There's the desire for fun and companionship as our Latin School clubs begin another season, promised to be brimming with interesting events.

MSS. The Literary Club began its season very auspiciously. The officers propose to discuss what is being done in literature today with emphasis on drama, including a study of playwrights and the technique of modern play production. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Callanan, their adviser, and then president, Frank Sidlauskas, of Class One, production manager of the Dramatic Club the members should get a clear comprehensive picture of the contemporary theatre. Visitors welcome. Next meeting, Monday, November 6. . . .

* * *

LA BELLE was rung, and "Le Cercle Français" started its ambitious program, guided by M. Levine, who has promised the best speakers we have yet heard. He has invited Mr. Bourgeois to speak on his experiences in France while a student there; and, *pièce de résistance*, our Headmaster, Mr. Powers, recent European traveler, has graciously consented to speak on his journey to Le Havre and

Paris. Le Cercle meets alternate Wednesdays. La prochaine séance, le huit novembre.

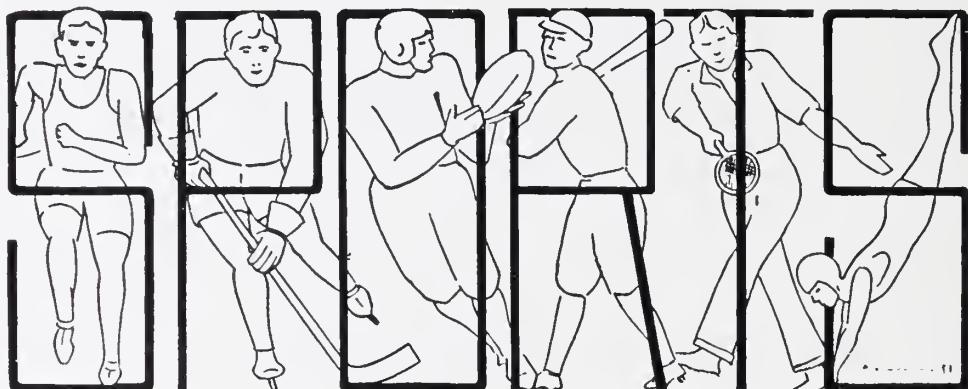
* * *

HIGH NOTE. Mr. Burke and the Glee Club president, Charles Regan, have informed us that the club intends to present "The Mikado," most popular of all Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, this spring. In the meantime advertisements for sopranos appear daily in the "Bulletin." We all hope to see an octette, such as last year's, which may again swing into such divers chorales as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Three Little Fishes." Auditions Mondays in the Assembly Hall.

* * *

LOWELL, HARVARD FROSHES. and a number of other school debating teams have challenged our capable society, led by Dr. Collins and its president, Sumner Rothstein. Mr. Wilfred O'Leary, who arranges these interscholastic debates, was responsible for the participation of B.L.S. in the radio quiz program against Girls' Latin School last October 14th. As we go to press, we haven't the results; but we can't help admiring the great start of the club's season. Meetings: alternate Mondays with the "Lit" Club. Drop in October 30th.

RAND MANNING.



LATIN STRESSES 'PRAY' IN FOOTBALL POLICY

From *The Boston Herald* of October 11, 1939

Lack of Punter, Passer Makes Fitzgerald Emphasize Third 'P'

By WILL CLONEY
(a former B. L. S. eenter)

For many years now Boston Latin's Charlie Fitzgerald has been a firm advocate of the "punt, pass, and pray" school of football. Some years the emphasis has been on the punt and other years on the pass, but this year it definitely is on the prayer.

No Passer Who Can Thread Needle

Fitzgerald really teaches the three p's. One of his favorite weapons has been the punt, with Charlie ordering his quarterbacks to kick on first and second downs if the team had a good kicker. The theory was that sooner or later there would be a fumble deep in the opposition's territory, and that was what usually happened. Then came time for the passing.

This year Latin has no punter who can force the opposition back into its own

territory; it has no passer who can thread needles even at ten yards, but it does have a bunch of boys who can pray, and pray they must. This is the lightest and possibly the least promising squad Coach Fitzgerald has had in his 17 years at the famous Boston school.

All is not lost, however, for the Latins may make up in smartness for their lack of natural ability; they may be bolstered shortly by the return of two veterans at present ineligible; they may succeed on finesse rather than sheer power.

Joe Harey Lone Remaining Veteran

The coach is by no means discouraged, and the boys certainly are not. A first-stringer today may be a third-stringer tomorrow, but by Thanksgiving Day Latin will have its 11 best football players on the field and the English game will develop into the customary struggle. English would be the last school in the country to underestimate Latin, no matter how dismal the Purple early-season record may be.

With seven first-stringers graduated, two ineligible, and one injured, the lone remaining veteran is Joe Harey, a fast,

shifty youngster who is ensconced at fullback. His running mates in the Mechanics game were Dan Gorenstein, Walter Morris, and Ernie Nedvins, but whether the quartet remains the same against Brookline on Saturday remains to be seen.

Gorenstein was the best performer against Mechanics, probably because he is more rugged than his mates. Dan was a heavy-duty reserve last year, getting plenty of action although he was not a starter, so he is one of the most poised boys on the squad.

Morris Hero of Opening Victory

Morris, the first Negro lad to wear Latin's football jersey in a decade or so, was the hero of the opening victory over St. Mark's. Walter started from behind his own goal line on an ordinary tackle smash, and before anyone could catch him he was in the other end zone, 100 yards up the field. That was just a sprint for him, since he is a 1,000-yarder in track.

Nedvins, another reserve of last year, will develop if he can avoid injury. His brittleness is his chief problem at the moment.

One of the more colorful newcomers in the Latin backfield is the tiny Paul McGarger, who looks like a midget in little gold pants. Paul is only a sophomore, but he looks good carrying the ball and will become progressively valuable as his weight increases. Right now he is not big enough to be good defensively, but if he will get some yardage now and then, Fitzgerald will be satisfied.

Chris McCarthy, John Kruger, Bernie O'Brien, Dick Dunn, Brendan Reilly, and John Cullen are other backs who will get every chance to show their stuff, and the big squad probably includes half a dozen more who will not be overlooked.

Showed Flashes Against Mechanics

The Latin line showed flashes of power against Mechanics, even though Bill Ward, heavyweight tackle, was out of action. The tackles and guards came to life in the second half against the Artisans, and later in the season they should be standouts.

George Casey, a hard-working youngster with pass-chitclicing proclivities, and Bud Killion, who was promoted practically overnight, are listed as the ranking



Our 1939 Football Squad

As Seen by Herald Artist "Joe" Stern



ends, with George Early, a fugitive from the track team, and Buck Carey as top reserves.

Malcolm Smith, an aggressive youngster who started the season at guard, wound up at one tackle last week, with Dick Powers battling his way into action at the other. Milton Rutstein and Bob Byrnes are capable reserves, with Ward ready to step into his old place for the next game.

Ed Zawalich, who was listed for the backfield, is a guard incumbent at present, teaming with Art Carven, another of the boys who jumped from nowhere into a first-team berth. Bob Campbell and John Connolly are the better reserves.

Larry Redgate, a comparative lightweight, is holding the center post until the veteran Bunny Rowen gets back

into action, and Earl Van Buskirk is keeping him stepping. Joe McEttrick, too, has his eye on the job.

The season is far from over and the jobs still are wide open. That fact alone would be enough to keep all the boys hustling, and while Latin may not win quite so many games as usual, it certainly will be no pushover over the final stages of the campaign.

Latin Lines

The Purple squad is fortified by several youngsters who have plenty of time to develop. McCarger and Dunn are sophomores, while Vin Tarushka is only a freshman.

Latin is practicing at Draper field, West Roxbury, out near the Dedham line. It is a long trip for the boys, but facilities are good and outsiders don't interfere with practices.

BOSTON LATIN SQUAD

Robert Beyer	Joseph Killion
Robert Byrnes	Chris McCarthy
Robert Campbell	Joe McEttrick
Arthur Carven	Ed McLaughlin
George Casey	Paul McLaughlin
John Connolly	Walter Morris
Larry Cochenear	Paul Murphy
John Cullen	Ernest Nedvins
William Cullen	Bernard Obrien
Robert Curran	Edward O'Connell
Walter Donahue	Richard Powers
Richard Dunn	Lawrence Redgate
George Early	Brenden Reilly
Michael Gargan	John Riley
Daniel Gorenstein	Fred Robinson
Francis Hartley	Stephen Rowen
Thomas Houhoulis	Milton Rutstein
Joseph Hovey	Malcolm Smith
Albert Kelley	Thomas Sullivan
Fred Kelley	Vinecent Tarushka
John Kruger	Earle Van Bushkirk
Paul McCarger	James Van Campen
Edward Zawalick	William Ward
Milton Woolfson	Bill Maguire

WE WIN THE OPENER

With scarcely three weeks of practice, a green, but fighting Latin eleven opened its season against St. Mark's with a well-deserved 6-0 victory. Using a few running plays, and punting usually on first or second down, Latin was satisfied to hold its own against the strong offense and heavy line of the St. Mark's team. The private school team, with a wide variety of spinners and reverses, was able to mark up several first downs; but the Latin line held in the pinch, and forced them to kick.

Late in the second period St. Mark's kicked to the Latin "5". With but seconds to play, Walter Morris, back in punt formation, took the pass from center, scooted his right end, cut back at the line of scrimmage, and helped by a timely block by "Mickey" Smith, broke out in the clear at the "40" and raced across the goal-line as the half ended.

In the second half, Latin again resorted to kicking to keep the ball in St. Mark's territory, with Zawalich and Kelly doing the punting. However, a Latin fumble gave St. Mark's the ball on the Purple and White's "35." Two successive first downs brought the ball to the Latin "8." With two minutes to play and St. Mark's eager for a score, the Latin eleven held for four straight plays, to take possession of the ball as the game ended.

The B. L. S. line-up included the following: l.e., Donahue (Early); l.g., Smith; c., Redgate (Van Buskirk) r.g.; Rutstering (Carven); r.t., Ward (Killion); r.e., Casey (Carey); q.b., Van Campen (Gorenstein); l.h.b., Havey (Riley); r.l.b., Zawalish (Kelly, Dunn); f.b., Morris (Cullen).

MECHANICS 31 — LATIN 0

On Friday, October 6, the Purple and White suffered its first setback of the young season. Weakened by injuries suffered in practice sessions and still without the services of several ineligible regulars, our team lost to the well-oiled Mechanic Arts machine.

The Mechanics line, rangy and heavy, with John Yonakor, 180-pound wing as standout, pummeled what is probably the lightest Latin team in years. At that, a break in the shape of a five-yard punt really gave Mechanics its first scoring chance, and in the second period, a 15-yard penalty helped set up the second tally, so well did our boys utilize what little they possessed. In the second half, long runs chalked up the other Mechanic Arts points.

Our line-up included Casey, (Hurley) r.e.; Powers, (Burns) l.t.; Carven, (Campbell) r.g.; Redgate, (Van Buskirk) c.; Zawalich, (Robinson) l.g.; Smith, (Rutstein) l.t.; Killion, (Carey) l.e.; Gorenstein, (Kelley, Cullen) q.b.; Nedvins, (McCarger) r.h.b.; Morris, (Krueger) l.h.b.; Havey, (Gargan, Sullivan) f.b.

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

Sept. 30—St. Mark's	6-0
Oct. 6—Mechanic Arts	0-31
14—Brookline	6-14
19—Commerce	0-0
24—Sacred Heart of Newton (Second Team)	6-0
27—B. C. H.	0-18
Nov. 3—Memorial	13-6
10—Trade	6-6
16—Dorchester	0-0
30—English	

W. L. T.

"SPUNKY" (Story) CONTEST

"Spunky" was born in 1935 in Room 225. "Spunky" has many fathers. Specifically, "Spunky" is a character which Mr. Neville and his Class V home-room created in 1935. A boy of the class was chosen to personify "Spunky." All the boys wrote stories and adventures in which "Spunky" was the leading character. By the end of the year a sizable collection of stories was amassed. The next year, all of Mr. Neville's classes contributed to this book, and a new "Spunky" was chosen for the year. Since then, stories have been written and a new "Spunky" chosen every year.

These activities were until recently confined only to Mr. Neville's classes. Last year a "Spunky" story was printed in the *Register* and was enthusiastically received.

This year we shall extend the right to contribute to "The Adventures of 'Spunky'" to all boys of Classes V and VI. The *Register* will offer a prize, a year's subscription, to the boy who writes the best "Spunky" story. It's simple! Just write a humorous story about "Spunky" and submit it to Mr. Marson (Room 235) by Monday, November sixth. The best stories will be printed in the *Register*.

The first "Spunky" story ever written is in this issue and should help you get an idea as to what sort of fellow "Spunky" is. The story was written in 1935 by a boy who is now in Class I. You see, it took him five years to get his story in the *Register*. You can do it right away. Hurry and send us your story.

MICHAEL C. TOULOUMTZIS, '40.

SPUNKY'S SURPRISE PARTY!

Spunky sat dejectedly, alone in the house, trying to forget his cruel fate, as he listened to his favorite program, "Town Hall Tonight." But not even Fred Allen's humorous remarks drew from Spunky any of the usual delightful explosions of laughter. When one of the amateur singers on the program was unceremoniously dismissed by the cruel gong, Spunky registered no emotion, except to mutter to himself: "The gong! That's what the gang gave me tonight. They didn't want me. And it's the very first time that they left me out of a good time. Wait until I get the chance. I'll show them. When I get that new rifle, I won't let one of them use it."

Spunky's grief was caused by the fact that he had heard that very day of a

party which was to be held that evening. For some reason he had not received any notice of the event, even though the rest of his friends had talked of nothing else for two weeks. He had heard Skeeter say to "Chubby" Connolly, "See you tonight, Chub. And it ought to be a good time."

When Spunky had demanded from Skeeter where the party was to be and why he was not invited, Skeeter had looked very mysterious and had replied evasively: "There are times when even great men must be ignored."

"All right, Skeeter. Don't tell me. But if you weren't invited to a party, I'd stick by you. I wouldn't go. And if you're going and all the rest, why didn't you get me an invitation?"

But Skeeter had darted away, leaving Spunky to pity himself as an outcast, at least for that evening.

And that is why Spunky was eating away his heart, instead of ice cream and cakes and sandwiches at that mysterious party. His thoughts were bitter against that invisible something or someone which made him an ostracized member of the gang that evening. He thought of the pleasant times the others must be having, while he was like a watchman guarding the house until his mother should return from her Better Government Circle meeting.

His sad reflections were suddenly interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. When he opened the door, the delivery boy from the *Schultz & Sullivan's Delicatessen* handed him a huge basket, saying with a cheerful voice, "Plenty of good things here, Spunky. Hope you have a good time."

Thinking that his mother had ordered the weekly groceries, Spunky dragged his burden into the kitchen and began to take out the parcels to store them away, when he discovered that the groceries were not the usual table necessities of potatoes and onions and meat, but the delicacies usually ordered for a festive occasion. Here were apples, oranges, chicken sandwiches, candy, ice cream and cake in generous portions!

"There must be some mistake," he heard himself saying. "Maybe this should have been sent to that house where the party is being held."

Someone has said: "These are times that try men's souls." Here was a time that tried Spunky's soul. His eyes grew larger as they fell upon the luscious contents of the basket. His mouth watered as he imagined how a dull evening could be turned into a very cheerful time. His hands reached out. He hesitated. By his side there seemed to stand those two

angels mentioned at Sunday School.

The Evil One said: "So they thought you weren't good enough for their company tonight. Now you show them whose party it is. You can ruin their evening just as they have ruined yours. Just take a little taste of that ice cream—"

Spunky was very near the ice cream when the Good Angel whispered softly: "Spunky, you know there has been a mistake. These delicacies are not yours. They belong to the one who is having the party. You must phone to Schultz & Sullivan's and advise them of their mistake."

Poor Spunky! Surely he would not, in ordinary circumstances, listen to the promptings of that evil spirit. True, he was always in some mischief, but nothing very deceitful or dishonorable.

The Evil One continued: "So they want to make you a laughing-stock! Tomorrow they will tell you what a wonderful evening they had, if you return these things. Everybody will know that you were the only one not invited to that party."

These words swayed Spunky. His hands reached out for one of the chicken sandwiches. Hypnotized by the Evil One, he reached again and again, until he had finished four of them.

"Now, aren't they good? Just take your share. Then you can phone to Skeeter and tell him to come and get the rest. You can have your division of the dessert."

Spunky succumbed again and again. He knew it was wrong. But he was too angry with the gang, and too triumphant at his chance for revenge, to halt. And that orange sherbet, just what he liked! When he had satisfied both his appetite and his revenge, he was aware of the door-bell ringing again.

He thought it was his mother who

might have forgotten her key. But when he rushed to the door and opened it, he beheld to his astonishment, not his mother, but his whole gang, crying out: "Hello, Spunky! Surprise Party! Greetings from the gang!"

As they filed into the house, Skeeter came rushing to him: "Sorry I couldn't tell you about the plans, Spunky. Had to keep you in suspense. We wanted to surprise you. We knew you'd be mad when you felt you weren't invited to the party."

"You certainly have surprised me," muttered Spunky.

"Where's the grub?" demanded Skeeter. "Schultz got that mixed up. He was supposed to send it to my house. I just phoned him when it got so late and he had not delivered the order to my house. So we came rushing over, before you were kept too long in the dark."

"I—" Spunky could go no further. He pointed to the kitchen. The gang made a rush for the pantry. What a muddle? What could he say? He wished that he had never been born, or had died that time he had scarlet fever, or that some violent convulsion of nature would destroy him, or—But before he could wish any more upon himself, he realized that his guests had suddenly become very quiet. He heard after an ominous silence, some one say: "What a glutton! Couldn't even wait for us to arrive! Let's go home. The Party's over. A world's record for meanness."

At this crucial moment, Spunky's mother returned from her club meeting. She had known about the party, and had decided to come back as soon as possible to help the boys and girls. Seeing Spunky standing alone in the living-room, looking like a condemned criminal, she said: "What's the matter with you? Did the party arrive? Are you so surprised that you have lost your mind?"

"Oh, Ma, something awful has hap-

pened. And it's my fault. I ate most of the stuff for the party."

"You what! How could you, Spunky? Tell me about it—and the truth, mind you!"

"I thought the gang was putting something over on me, not inviting me to the party. And when the ice cream and the other things came here, I thought it was a mistake and I wanted to get revenge. I didn't mean to eat so much, but I guess I—

His mother was amazed at first. Then she sat down and laughed until the tears came to her eyes. Spunky, who had got ready to run from the house, couldn't understand her merriment. He was picturing himself jumping from the nearest bridge into the cold but merciful water.

"Spunky," his mother continued, "There's only one thing you can do now. You must go into the kitchen and confess to the boys and girls. Take it like a man. And I'll send down to Schultz and Sullivan's for some more ice cream and cakes and whatever else we need. It's better to do a foolish thing now than when you are older."

Spunky finally gathered enough courage to face a very hostile audience. The girls looked at him with scorn. The boys were ready to tear him apart. The scene resembled one of those "ads" advising the reader to take a correspondence course in public speaking.

"Gang, I'm sorry. I made a fool of myself. I didn't have any idea that this party was going to be on me. I thought you were counting me out of a good time. And so when these things came here, I thought it would be a good joke to have the party all to myself. But I see the joke's on me. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do. If you call it quits, I got five dollars saved—I was going to buy a rifle with it—but now I'm

going to have my mother double the amount that was sent here from Schultz and Sullivan's. Hope you forgive me."

A silence at first, and then the reliable Skeeter, realizing that now was the time to come to the aid of his countryman, said: "Three cheers for the little pig!"

This remark drew shouts and laughter from all, and there were mutterings of "Forget it, Spunky!" "It was a good joke on us too." "Don't mind." "We all had a surprise party!"

When Schultz' delivery boy arrived the second time, there was general rejoicing, and the party was a great success. And if Spunky received some good-natured joshings for his appetite, he bore it patiently, knowing very well that he deserved it. But there was never a party after that eventful evening, without somebody's saying to the delivery boy: "And get the address correct. Don't send it to Spunky's house!"

H. E. TWINELLS.

FROM HERE AND THERE

On the first day of school, a physics teacher on the third floor was demonstrating to an open-mouthed Sixth Class the power of a tuning-fork. As he struck it, the school bell rang. . . . The young innocents are still trying to figure it out.

* * *

To those who don't yet know: Mr Dunn has the Harvard ratings for the C.E.E.B. exams. So if you haven't seen him, do so now.

* * *

Heard in the Chem. Lab.:

Johnny was the chemist's son.

But Johnny is no more;

For what he thought was H₂O

Was H₂S O₂!

* * *

On going down to drill, we found to our extreme sorrow that Col. Penney was absent. . . . His post is being ably filled by Captain Gibbons, who is carrying on in true B.L.S. spirit.

* * *

In spite of the fact that dire warnings have been published, "electioneering" is going on. . . . It's getting to be so that you can't turn a corner without meeting a politician. If my candidates get in, I'll be on 43 committees. . .

Your reporter has heard many and various complaints from students who have got the same teacher again. . . . Their jokes don't sound so funny the second time.

* * *

It looks to me as if there's going to be a feud between Mr. Faxon and Mr. Glover. They have one window-pole between them, and each claims it's his. Hence the great amount of traffic between the rooms. It is hereby suggested that one more pole be furnished.

* * *

This month's prize-puzzler: for the correct answer there will be given five cracked peanut bars and one politician's promise:

Three men rent one room in a hotel for \$30.00. The clerk who has taken this money finds that the room is only \$25.00, and sends up the fiver via the bell-boy. This bell-boy decides to keep \$2.00, and the rest (\$3.00) is split up among the men. Therefore each man paid \$9.00.

But . . . three times nine equals 27 plus the bell boy's two equals 29. Where is the other dollar? ? ?

(I forgot to mention that this was for math sharks only).

OUR LORDS AND MASTERS



MR. SANDS: Teaches English in 214 . . . Born 1878 . . . Married; three sons; two daughters (one grandson, his pride and joy) . . . Came to Latin from High School of Commerce in 1928 . . . Attended Harvard—A.B., 1907; A.M., 1917 . . . Head of B. L. S. Red Cross . . . Writes short stories and poems . . . Spends his summers in Philadelphia . . . Gardening his hobby . . . Has a collection of pictures of all his home-rooms for the past few years.

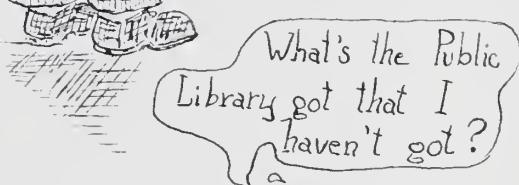
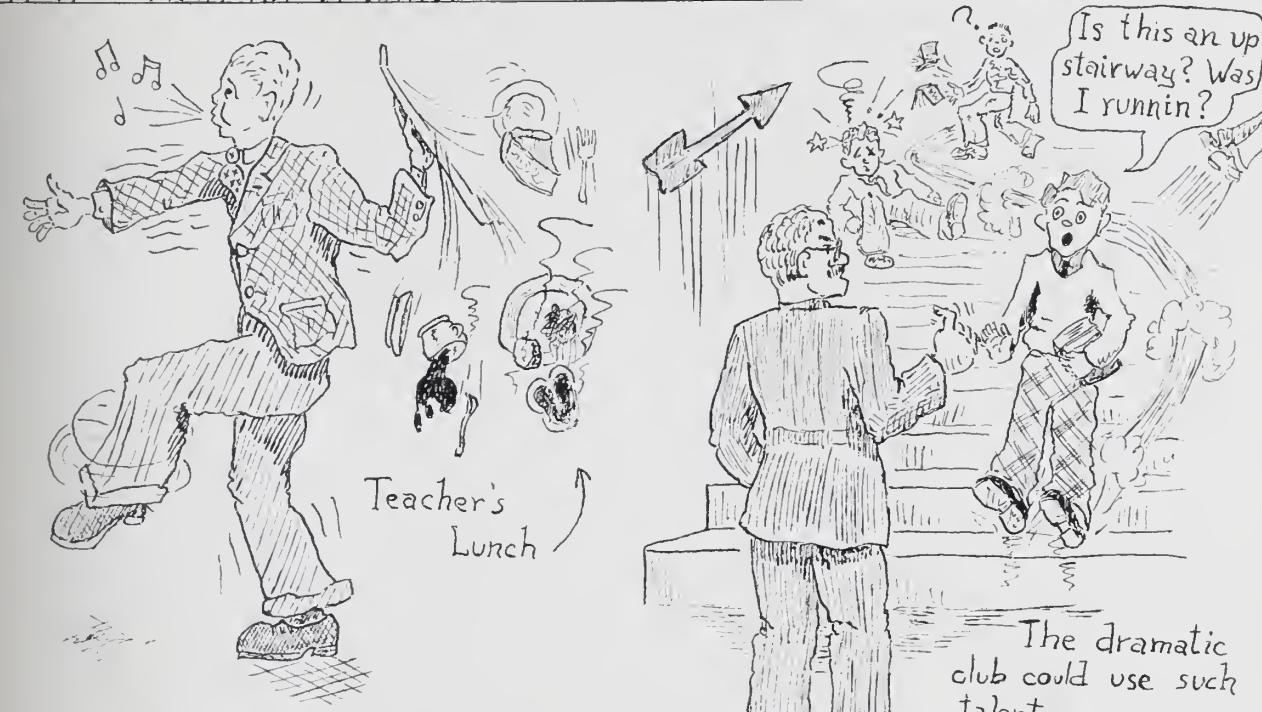


MR. HOBBS: Teaches English in 303 . . . Married . . . In 1913 came to B. L. S. from Portsmouth High School, where he was headmaster for ten years . . . B.A. from Dartmouth . . . Wrote for paper . . . Editor-in-chief of "The Aegis" . . . Hobby: Reading works by our greatest authors, living as well as dead . . . Does extensive traveling . . . Has visited Shakespeare's home and surroundings several times . . . Spends summers in Maine, where he owns the "Old Homestead" at Kittery.



MR. QUINN: Teaches Physics in 312 . . . Born 1893 in Charlestown . . . Married; one child . . . Heads of Science Department . . . Came to B. L. S. originally from Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. . . Appointed assistant-professor at Teachers' College from 1929 to 1939 . . . Returned to B. L. S. this year . . . Attended B. C. High and B. C., from which he received his A.B. in 1916 . . . Received A.M. from Canisius in 1921 . . . Likes to read biographies and books concerning current events . . . Spends summers in Maine . . . Was at one time Chief Chemist for the Boston Hose and Rubber Company . . . Gives boys the following advice: "Dictitare est Mater Studiorum."

IT HAPPENS to the BEST of US



A Latin School boy making his joyous way homeward.



Ramblings of The Register's Raving Reporter

About July tenth: The beast must die; the man dieth also; yea, both must die."—Eccl. 3, 19. C.E.E.B. marks returned.

Sept. 6: We saw the sun come over the mountain. Our mistake: school tomorrow.

Sept. 7: Opening of school. The classes raise their voices in vain protest against those cold-hearted masters who give homelessons the very first day.

Sept. 8: We got our first taste of a "B" program today. Also, the first taste of our lunch at 9:23. . . .

Sept. 11: Mr. Wenner addressed an assembly of Classes I and II. The adage about speech being silver seems to fit Mr. Wenner to a "T". Every time he speaks, he asks for money. As a result, the R.R.R. almost placed an order for five subscriptions. . . .

Sept. 12: Meeting of the Music Appreciation Club this P.M. After hearing President Springer's idea of an interesting club meeting, we are inclined to call him—Mr. Swinger.

Sept. 13: This afternoon the *Register* officially embarked upon its fifty-ninth

year as the magazine of B. L. S. . . . Heard at the initial meeting of the literary staff:

"What has become of the column that was called 'Drops from the Showers'?"

"They're only 'drips' now!"

Sept. 14: During one of Mr. Pierce's history lectures, it was learned that the colonists had to build a stockade at what is now Dover Street, to keep out the wolves from Roxbury. . . . And in 1939 Bostonians still need protection.

Sept. 15. The Glee Club met today. Shall we tell? This year's production is the "Mikado." Several applicants for parts were seen squinting, but it will take a good man to make an Oriental braid out of a collegiate whiffle.

Sept. 18: The R.R.R. today counted nine candidates for President of the Senior Class. If we can find two more, we shall at least be certain of one football team that will be, for the next two months, "on its toes and running."

Sept. 19: Who locks their doors to open them? The Circulation Staff of the *Register*, so help us!

Sept. 20: Heard on an atom in the Chem. Lab.: "The electrons are wandering around so much that the poor little 'plusses' have lost their 'ohm'."

Sept. 21: *Flash!* (Special Bulletin by R.R.R.). Cohen, Grossman and White, were stranded in Room 117 for thirty-eight minutes this afternoon when the mechanical lock on the door through which they entered failed to respond to a twist of the door knob. The Custodian Salvage Service was called, and after working for fifteen minutes, they effected a rescue. There will *not* be an official investigation tomorrow.

Sept. 22: Having interviewed the 47 members of Class I who attended the first meeting of the Literary Club, it was ascertained that 44 of them joined, so that they may have their pictures in the

year-book. . . . The other three Class I'ers are the officers.

Sept. 25: Assembly of lower classes. . . . We couldn't get in, even though we carried all our books with us. So, instead, we went back to our homeroom and wrote this uninspired entry.

Sept. 26. With so many boys running for office, the politician is yet undiscovered who's going to win in a walk. . . . The History Club "hissed" for the first time today.

Sept. 27: The R.R.R. is getting his second idiom sheet for nothing by announcing *que Le Cercle Français a convenu aujourd'hui*.

Sept. 28: Half-holiday today and tomorrow;—i.e., half the school has a holiday.

Sept. 29:

Master, (whistling to pupil): "Come over here!"

Pupil: "What is it, Sir?"

Master: "One mark for whistling."

Sept. 30: *Bang!* That's the end of the ballgame; and Latin wins, 6-0.

Oct. 3. The milk boys are henceforth allowed to leave the fourth period five

minutes ahead of time. One room suddenly blossomed out with three monitors, who stood up as one and marched out, leaving the master in charge to attempt to figure out the unusual happening by reading the smiles on his beaming pupils' countenances.

Oct. 4:

Boy, (selling lunch checks): "That nickel doesn't sound right."

2nd Boy: "Well, what do you want for a nickel,—the N.B.C. chimes?"

Oct. 5: In order to keep that Stavro candid camera shot from being published, we announce that the great order of the Society of Photographers today held their bi-weekly session.

October 6: Within the confines of the National League Park this afternoon our eleven stalwarts suffered a slight setback at the hands of M. A. H. S. . . . or as Caesar would say, "Venimus, vidi-
mus, victis summus."

Oct. 9: *Deadline*. Now we know why Mr. Marson is gray at the temples. . . . He just read this column.

ABELMAN, L. M., 334.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A FRESHMAN

Peace.

The quiet tranquility of study.

Rows of busy heads, deep in *Caesar* sunk,

Delve lazily in bygone dust.

Fear.

Piercing bolts of mental pain run up and down,

Angrily.

Transcendent power downward swoops
To make the kill.

Misery.

Black clouds of sorrow hover nervously,
and then

Blot out the sun, that once had shined
So happily.

Crime does not pay.

STANLEY MILLER, '41.



Editor's Note: We feel that if the horse, the corset, and the bustle can come back, so can these jokes. Or are they already "canned"?

* * *

Mr. Quinn: When were the so-called "Dark Ages"?

Pupil: During the days of the knights?

* * *

Heard at the keyhole during a meeting of the Coin Club: "I'm a coin collector."—"So am I."—"Let's get together and talk over old dimes."

* * *

Another surreptitious conversation, this time at Physics Lab.:

"Say, Joe; grab one of these wires, will yah?"

"Sure."

"Thanks, I wasn't sure. . . . Don't touch the other one, or you'll drop dead."

* * *

Teacher: You should have been here at nine o'clock!

Tardy student: Why? What happened?

* * *

Amazed Physics Student: Do you mean to say that I've a lot of electricity in my hair?

Mr. Lord: Sure, it's connected to a dry cell.

"I just took a tough exam."

"Finish?"

"No, Latin."

* * *

Mr. Wagner: What key are you playing in?

9th Violinist: Skeleton key.

Mr. W.: Skeleton key?

9th V.: Yeah; it fits anything.

* * *

Lady Tourist during first visit to an Indian Village: Those Indians certainly have a blood-curdling yell.

Guide: They ought to; they're just home from college.

* * *

The Lunch-Room's Motto . . .

Some people claim

They keep the best.—

We don't;

We sell it.

* * *

At the Class Banquet, the well-fed Seniors sat back to listen to the rather soporific guest speaker who, after droning on for some thirty minutes, came to the end of his introduction. "After partaking of such a splendid meal, I think that if I had eaten any more, I should have been unable to speak at all."

Loudly from the rear: "Bring him another sandwich!"

STEPHEN STAVRO, 304.

MERTON MILLER, 304.

Here Comes THE CABOOSE

Notice the cover?

It has been said that if the drill companies get any smaller, Captain Gibbons will conscript 212.

* * *

Did you ever wonder what became of the few cents collected in the French rooms for the sentence sheets? Did you ever wonder where the French newspaper "Le Journal" came from? Well, put two and two together.

* * *

We found a few of the B.L.S. alumni playing as members of the Egyptian army when the last apera company came to town. Graduates Goulding (Hamlet '38), Reed, and Grenier '39 were among them.

Have you seen Herr Weinert of the German Department write the Deutsch translation of the English word for war tank? Watch! Scheutzengrabenvernichtungautomobil. !!

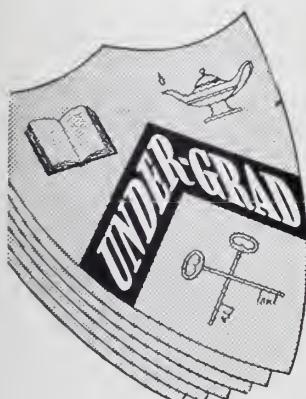
* * *

Saw Mr. Lucey at the St. Mark's game in Southboro. *Didn't see a thing* at the Mechanics game in October.

* * *

The Register gang has deadlines now. According to Hoyle (Mr. Marson plays the part of Mr. Hoyle), the next issue is to appear the 29th of next month.

Until then, until another *Register*, "The Caboose" disappears into the advertisements.



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